

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 17.]

Poetry.

THE PAST.

I am dreaming, sadly dreaming,
Of the silent vanished years;
I am longing for their brightness,
Sighing over all the tears.
Old time faces smile upon me,
Echoing voices haunt my brain,
And their kisses on my forehead,
Fall like pure baptismal rain.
As I dream, the soft, still moonlight
Shimmers through the clambering vines,
And I hear a lonely sobbing
Of the winds among the pines;
For each and dike-like whisper,
Memory hath an answering tone,
Blest the heart which keeps only
Song and gladness for its own.
Every flickering of the moonbeams,
Every murmur of the breeze,
Something of the sweet past brings;
And within their gleaming waves
Fancies quaint and weird and olden,
That had life-tints long ago,
When our skins are blue and golden,
In the joyous summer glow.
Oh, the loved, dream-past which lingers
Close upon the lonely shore,
Where the moaning sea wave sighs
Solemn anthems evermore.
Through life's storms and mists and darkness,
Still we turn to that green isle,
Where fleet cherubs hope the buried,
And their blossoms live and smile.
Thus, till hope's last dream be over,
And our hands are folded still,
With a cold and pulseless pressure
O'er the heart so dead and chill,
Shall we yearn and strive and linger,
Where the waters settle in foam,
Whispering softly, "Time's rude billow
Soon shall wait us safely home."

Select Miscellany.

MISS JELLABY'S MATCH.

Miss Jelbaby rose at six o'clock beautiful August morning, and throwing open her chamber window, sniffed once or twice at the fragrance coming up from the roses in the garden below. Then she hunted a moment for her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting them on, looked eagerly at Randall Cottage over the way. A very modest, pretty little house it was, with roses and syringas growing under each window, woodbine and jessamine climbing over the door; but Miss Jelbaby was not admiring its beauty then. She looked up at front window on the second floor, and gave a vicious snort.

"As I expected! She isn't up yet, and here it is six o'clock! And where is he I wonder?" Before she had time to answer the question, as it was asked—mentally—the front door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jelbaby, shrinking behind her curtain, saw a handsome, sun-burnt man come out, and go down the garden walk, with a cigar in his mouth. It was easy to see, by the slight roll in his walk, that he had been a sailor, though for the matter of that his bearing, handsome face, and frank, hearty manner, would have told the tale if he had never stirred a step. With his hands in his pockets he sauntered among the roses, bending down now and then, as if to say good morning to the fairest, and always removing the cigar from his lips when he did so.

"He couldn't do more if he was speaking to a woman," said the spinster, applying her eye to a hole left purposely in the white curtain. "The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes—dressed in blue bingham, too. I wonder what her morning gowns cost her through the year?—And her slippers—oh, mercy, there they go right through the wet—well there!"

Words failed the worthy spinster. Meanwhile the owner of the slippers (and very pretty little affairs they were—bronzed-laced daintily, and ressetted with a spangle that shone like a dew-drop) tripped down the walk so lightly, that the gentlemen did not hear her step, and coming upon him as he bent over a bed of violets, gave him a push that sent him on his face among them. To see her laugh—to see him blunder up and chase her through the alleys—to see him kiss her, when he was in the last in his strong arms—and to see her pretend to box his ears for it—was a sight for a loving heart to watch; but Miss Jelbaby, over opposite, nearly fainted away with horror. She rang her bell violently, and a square-faced, sour-looking woman, who had lived with her for years, made her appearance.

"Susan!" "Well," said that amiable domestic, briefly. Before Miss Jelbaby could speak, the unconscious pair on the opposite garden transgressed against propriety again.

"Walking up and down in broad daylight, with his arm around her waist—just look at her, Susan! Do you mean to stand there and tell me that that man is only her brother?"

"Dear me, ma'am—how can I tell? I only know that they look alike, and that they have the same name."

"How do you know?" "Because I saw their linen one day at the laundresses, and here are marked Helen Graham and his Philip Graham. And their servant told the woman that she had always lived with Miss Helen and Master Philip when they were at their own home in England. What more do you want?"

"Susan you will break my heart yet—I am sure of it! Is it possible you know all this? When did you find it out?"

"Tuesday."

"And this is Friday. For three whole days you have kept me in this disgraceful ignorance! Susan, we shall have to part!"

see what it all means? Miss Helen and Master Philip, indeed! I wonder at your swallowing such a story. They are no more brother and sister than you and I are."

"Well, what are they then?" "But that remains to be told—the wretched! But Mr. Fullerton will soon set them to rights. I shall go and see him soon after breakfast. I don't know what the poor man would do without me."

"Have some peace, I suppose, muttered Susan under her breath, as she followed Miss Jelbaby down to the parlor. Susan loved her mistress, and was a faithful servant to her, but she detested scandal of all kinds, and never could be brought to take that interest in other people's business which was considered right and proper by the worthy spinster.

The good pastor looked up with a meek sigh, as the lady entered his study. The clergyman was a quiet, peace-loving man, somewhat timid withal, and the spinster always overpowered him with her arguments, when she attempted to do so. She stayed nearly half an hour with him. At the expiration of that time people, who were on the lookout, saw her conveying the unhappy parson in the direction, and at last through the very gate of Randall Cottage.

A tidy-looking old servant admitted them, ushered them into a pleasant nursery room, and said she would go and tell her mistress of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the edge of his chair, very uneasy in his mind, and wishing with all his heart that he was home again. Miss Jelbaby strode up and down the room like a dragon, eyeing everything about her, and making observations in an undertone, which, however, he could not help hearing.

"Such extravagance! Look at that carpet now—all roses and lilies, and straggling green vines. Why can't they be contented with druggist, as I am."

She took another turn. "And a guitar! Spaniards, I don't doubt, or Italians; and the rest follows, as a matter of course. Mr. Fullerton, I believe these people are heathens."

"Hardly, I think, or they never would have come to church last Sunday."

"Oh, you don't know that; perhaps they had some private end to gain by it," said Miss Jelbaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions tickled Mr. Fullerton beyond measure. She saw him laughing, and grew indignant.

"Let those laugh that win, I say, Mr. Fullerton. I don't doubt you will feel more like crying before this business is settled."

"Not I," said the minister, with a rueful look.

"A crucifix, as I'm a sinner!" she murmured a moment afterwards. "There, Mr. Fullerton, what did I tell you! hanging on the wall here in broad daylight. Shall I pull it down?"

"Are you beside yourself, Miss Jelbaby?" said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arresting her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and laughter in the garden, prevented her giving him, what she called, a piece of her mind. There was a rattle of the broad path, that sobered into a walk when the couple neared the windows, followed by the old servant who had been into the grounds to call them.

They entered the room together, flushed with their frolic, but looking happy and pleased to meet the clergyman.

"Sin wears a different face from that," he said to himself, as he shook hands with them. They turned to the spinster, who had bolstered herself up against the chimney piece, and stood eyeing them with sour disdain.

"Your neighbor, Miss Jelbaby!" said Mr. Fullerton, adding in a low whisper to her, as they sought about the room for easy chairs, "It's all wrong here. I'll have nothing to do with the matter. Say nothing, and let this pass as a morning call."

"Say nothing, indeed, Mr. Fullerton, I am ashamed of you!" was her reply; too audibly however, for Mr. Graham heard it, although he was too courteous to be surprised.

"Pray take this easy chair, Miss Jelbaby," Can offer you some wine Mr. Fullerton?" said Helen, who wondered inwardly at the strange behavior of her guests.

"No, my child," said the clergyman, kindly. "I will touch nothing during this visit. Some other time I hope to come again. I can only express my sorrow at having been persuaded against my better judgment to enter these doors on such an absurd errand—and leave you."

"My dear sir, forgive me, if I say I do not quite understand," exclaimed the captain, while Helen made up her mind that both her visitors were mad.

"I will tell you at another time," said Mr. Fullerton, nervously. "I will only say in explanation of this intrusion that was caused by the most ridiculous mistake Miss Jelbaby will allow me to accompany you home?"

Miss Jelbaby folded her arms, looked at them all viciously, and thundered out—"No!"

"Is she mad?" whispered Helen to the clergyman. "What does it all mean?"

Miss Jelbaby heard her. "It means this, madam, and this nothing more, that if Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnared by a pretty face, and frightened out of doing his duty, I am not!"

"Was there ever such an unfortunate piece of business. Miss Jelbaby, I cannot allow you to commit such an act of folly, or to insult these young creatures so. I command you, as your minister, not to speak."

"I take no orders from a man who shrinks from his duty," said the spinster loftily.

"Do be quiet, my dear Miss Jelbaby. As she says she has often seen you—"

"Kissing!" exploded from the lips. "Miss Jelbaby, either you or I must be silent. From these things she has drawn her own conclusions, and I am ashamed to say that for a brief space she persuaded me to believe them. I need not add that from the instant you entered this room, my suspicions vanished, and I would readily stake my life, this moment, upon your perfect integrity."

"But my dear sir," said Captain Graham, smiling, "of what does this lady suspect us?"

"Tell them, Miss Jelbaby. I will not!" "Pretty behavior, I am sure, to leave the worst part to me, Mr. Fullerton. However no one shall say I shrunk back from my duty."

"We are waiting to know what heinous crime we have committed," said Captain Graham, drawing the bewildered Helen close to his side. Miss Jelbaby gasped at the ease; then it seemed to give her fresh energy.

"Before my very eyes, sir!" "What do you mean?" "I suppose you will kiss her next."

"Well—now you mention it—I think I will." And he did. Miss Jelbaby never fainted away with horror.

"Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand there so quietly, and watch this shameful conduct? As for you, sir," she added, turning to the good-humored Captain "you need not think every one will tolerate your audaciousness."

"Take heed, my dear Miss Jelbaby. It is infamous," shouted the enraged spinster. "Brother and sister, indeed! You are no more her brother than you are mine, Captain Graham."

"I know it. I never said I was," Miss Jelbaby looked rather puzzled. Miss Jelbaby was triumphant.

"Well—you are brazen out if I must say! This town will soon be too hot to hold you, you may depend upon it."

"I never knew it was a crime not to be a woman's brother, before," said the Captain, quietly. "However, there is a relation between us, if it will please you any better."

"What is it?" "I am her cousin—the ward of her father; and I have always lived with her family in England."

"Oh!" There was a word of meaning in that simple ejaculation.

"Also, I have the honor to be—" "Well, sir," "Her husband."

Mr. Fullerton uttered a most unclerical "hurrah!" and shook hands with the young couple over and over again.

"Her husband!" uttered the old maid. "I never thought of that!"

"Allow me to hope, madam, that you will have your wits about you before you try to create another scandal," said the Captain, suavely. "I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

He held the door open as he spoke—she could not take the hint, and rushed out of the house, and into her own, in a state of mind verging upon distraction.

Staying to be laughed at and sympathized with, was what she could not endure; the cottage was shut up the next morning and she and Susan were far away. Miss Jelbaby had found her match, and the village has known peace since her departure—for the first time!

A Beautiful Thought. As in the light of cultivated reason, on looking abroad and seeing a wealth of beauty, a profusion of goodness, in the works of Him who has strewn flowers in the wilderness, and painted the bird and enameled the insect, in the simplicity and universality of his laws you read this lesson: An uneducated man dreams not of the common sunlight which now in its splendor floods the firmament and landscape; he cannot comprehend how much of the loveliness of the world results from the composite character of light and from the reflecting properties of the most physical bodies. If instead of red, yellow and blue, which the analysis of the prism and experiments of absorption have shown to be its constituents, it had been homogeneous simple white, how changed would all have been! The grow-brown and the ripe harvest, the blossom and the fruit, the fresh greenness of spring and the autumn's robe of many colors, the hues of the violet, the lily and the rose, the silvery foam of the rivulet, the emerald of the river, and the purple of the ocean would have been unknown. The rainbow would have been but a pale streak in the gray sky, and dull vapors would have canopied the sun instead of clouds, which, if the days of flaming brilliancy, contained his rising and going down. Nay, there would have been no distinction between the blood of children, the flush of health, the paleness of decay the hectic of disease, and the lividness of death. There would have been unvaried, unmeaning leaden hue, where we now see the changing and expressive countenance, the tinted earth and gorgeous firmament.

Value of the Currant. No more healthy or delicious fruit is grown than the currant; but a great portion of our farmers seem to be unconscious of its value. First, then, to have a good supply of this fruit attention must be paid to the bushes. It is very often the case, that if these are found at all upon the farmers' premises, they occupy an old obscure corner of the garden, close to the fence, and completely bound out by grass; the bushes do not thrive, and produce but a small amount of inferior fruit. But we think they do as well as can be expected under the circumstances, and the farmer should not complain. Our advice is, give the bushes better treatment—Set them in a position that the ground can be worked with a hoe, and manured; keep the earth around the roots well drenched with soap-suds, and you will have a good quantity of choice fruit, which is a luxury, used as a fruit, or sauce, or pie, and for making jelly or domestic wine, has no equal.

Who are the truly great? Not always those who occupy a high position among the sons of earth. It may not be those who have toiled up education's steep, and who have ascended to what men call fame's highest pinnacle of renown, whose eloquence enchains the minds of millions, and who aways them at his will. It may not be him who has thousands of votaries that bow at his shrine, for wealth and friends may gain him a high position midst his fellow-men, even if not deserving. It is not always those that occupy the highest positions that are most deserving, very far from it. The truly great are those that do not strive to obtain a high position among the sons of earth, but whose greatest motto is to do good, and benefit his fellow-man, regardless of self and the opinions of the fashionable and wealthy ones of earth.

Live not for thyself but for others, is the rule which he is striving to carry out, and when he shall enter the scenes of another life, for his noble actions and philanthropic zeal he shall receive a never-fading crown of glory. We need build no monuments to such worth as this—monuments that would pierce even the clouds would be far too insignificant; their monuments are their noble deeds im-perishably engraven in the hearts of those whom they have benefited. Let us so live that when we have finished this life we shall be enabled to say we have done right and be this the enduring monument to perpetuate our name.

Who can answer?—A curious cotemporary asked: "If all the babies in the world were seated together, and spanked at the same time, how many sugar plums would it take to quiet them?"

Give Him a Trade. If education is the great buckler of human liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfeeling resource through life, give your son equal with a good education, a good honest trade. Better any trade than none though there is ample room for the adopting of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man but an honest handicraft seldom or never—if its possessor chooses to exercise it. Let him feel too that honest labor craft is honorable and noble. The men of trades—the creature of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind cannot be dispensed with; they above all others in whatever repute they may be held by their more pretentious fellows, must work as the saw of human progress or all is lost. But a few brown handed trade workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they command.

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at any rate. With this he can always battle with temporal want, can always be independent, and better is independence with a moderate education than all the learning of the colleges and wretched temporal dependence. But in this free land there can be ordinarily no difficulty in securing both the education and trade, for every youth thereby fitting each and all to enter the ranks of manhood definite of those obstacles which intimidate so many tradeless and professional young men. Such are the peculiarities of fortune that no more out-door possession can be counted so absolutely secure or protective to man. Hoarded thousands may be swept away in a day and their once possessors left with neither the means of independence or livelihood.

He was a wise Scandinavian King who declared that his sons must learn useful trades or to be cut off from their expected princely fortune. They demurred but obeyed the decree. The eldest as the easiest task to learn applied himself to basket making. In time he reigned in his father's stead. In time also revolution came upon, and over threw him, and he fled disguised, wandering and companionless save his wife and children, his sole source for livelihood a recurrence to his humble, but honest and useful trade.

The son of the rich as well as the poor should be strengthened by this possession. If never used beyond the learning no harm is done—while possibly it may be of incalculable good. It is a weapon of assault or defense, which only fairly seized, can never be taken from a man's grasp. Think of it parents; examine your boy's bumps, or rather study the bent of their minds and taste, and as the best and most lasting service you can do for them, apply them to the learning of honest trades.

Hay Making. As the season for making hay is approaching, we will give a few words of caution in advance. Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee-maker would say, "Don't burn your coffee, but brown it," so we say, don't dry your hay, but cure it. Our good old mothers, who relied on herb tea instead of "pottery medicine," gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk ready to form seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar has become converted into woody matter.

Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If on putting it into the mow, there is danger of "heating in the mow" put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less.

Hay Making. As the season for making hay is approaching, we will give a few words of caution in advance. Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee-maker would say, "Don't burn your coffee, but brown it," so we say, don't dry your hay, but cure it. Our good old mothers, who relied on herb tea instead of "pottery medicine," gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk ready to form seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar has become converted into woody matter.

Heat, light, and dry winds will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it; with the addition of a shower, render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine, is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If ever cured, it contains more woody fiber and less nutritive matter.

The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fiber, and curing it up to the point, when it will answer to put in the barn without heating, and no more.—Ohio Farmer.

Playing Cards for a Wife. A constable in Williamsport, Indiana, while paying a visit to a young lady a few miles away, proposed a game of euchre as the evening's entertainment, which was accepted by the young lady. When the cards were dealt the young lady proposed a "flyer" of fifty dollars, to which the constable demurred. The young lady protested that she would never play with gentlemen unless there was some stake up, but the gentleman still demurred, when, as a compromise, the lady proposed that they would play, and if she should beat him he should marry her, which the gallant constable couldn't do otherwise than accept. At it they went, and the lady proved to be the winner.

The constable was invited to stay all night, and in the morning they would proceed to the quire's and be made one flesh. He pleaded pressing business and went away. She followed him to his father's and stayed there three days to wait the young man, when a compromise was effected by paying the constable two hundred and fifty dollars to fill the breach.

Romantic Affair. A young lady beautiful in person and attractive in manner, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Boston, was sought in marriage some years ago by two men. One of these was poor, and a mechanic; the other was rich, and not a mechanic. The woman loved the former; the family of the woman liked the latter. As in the case in such affairs, the woman married to please her friends. Having thus "sold herself," she ought to have been miserable, but she was not. Her husband's unaffected love subdued her heart, and his good smoothed the rough places in the human path. Fortune, feeling that this couple were too happy, frowned, and the man's riches took wings and used them in flight. Thereupon the husband wound up his business, put his wife and children, of whom there were two, at a comfortable boarding-house, and then departed for California in search of money. Some letters and some remittances arrived from him at first, then nothing came, and there was a blank of several years.

The wife thought herself deserted. The family, whose good opinion of the husband had not lately been so often published as formerly, told her that it was clearly a case for a divorce. We need not dwell upon the details of this unpleasant story, the disconsolate wife was thrown into the society of the mechanic lover, no longer prosperous and still unmarried. The memory of her early real love came upon her, and she believed with a secret joy that he had remained single for her sake. This thought nourished her affection, and at last she obtained a divorce from her husband, who had deserted her and remained absent beyond the time allowed by the statute.

This accomplished, there was no barrier between her and the mechanic of her youth. She informed him that she was his forever, when he chose to claim her hand. Her feelings cannot have been pleasant to learn that since his rejection by her and her marriage to another, the unromantic hewer of wood had drowned his passion for her in the waves of time, at the time of her handsome offer he no longer palpitated for her. In fact Barkis was not willing. As if all this were not embarrassing enough, who should turn up but the husband, who made his appearance in the form of a letter, announcing that he had accumulated a dazzling pile of wealth, that he was on his way home, and that she was to meet him in New York. The letter also chide her for neglect in not writing to him for years, and it was clear that he had sent assurances of love and material aid at intervals during his absence; where, then, had gone, no one knows. Here, then, was trouble. No husband no lover.

The one she had divorced; the other had refused her. Taking council with herself she packed her trunk, seeing that her wardrobe was unexceptionable, and came to the metropolis. She met the coming man on his arrival, and told him the whole story as correctly as she, naturally prejudiced in favor of the defendant, could tell it. The husband scowled, growled, looked at the charming face and becoming toilette, remembered California and its loneliness, and took her to his heart.

A clergyman was summoned, a marriage was performed, and a new volume in their life's history was opened.

How They are Tumbling In! The way the Democracy of Georgia are falling into line, is a terror to the Disruptionists. The Columbus Times, heretofore one of the most extreme journals of the State, and able and influential withal, comes out for the National Democratic organization and the Baltimore Convention in one of the most pithy and sensible articles that we have read for a long time. Hon. H. V. Johnston, Judge Nesbitt, A. B. Wright and Hon. McMillen are all out for the Baltimore Convention and the National Democracy. We believe that every Democratic paper in Georgia except one, has taken the same view. The Disruptionists are doomed to a perfect Waterloo in the Empire State of the South. Alabama will not be in the rear; and by election day in November, she will be ready to roll up her accustomed old majority for the nominees of the National Democratic Convention. The car of the people's opinion will roll over and crush the Disruptionists in Alabama, in a manner that will give peace and tranquility to the country for a long time to come. Let the clamorous and noisy Disruptionists and secessionists go on and enjoy their brief career like the butterflies—this summer is their last.

A Go-Ahead Lunatic.—A reverend doctor of Georgia had rather a slow delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the lunatic asylum. He was preaching, and illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hung and reprieved upon the gallows. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief the commotion when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became rather prolix. One of the lunatics could hold in no longer; he arose and shouted: "Hurry, doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!"

View of the Pyramids. These, as the earliest, the loftiest, the largest, the most stupendous of the works of man, deserve in this connection, a passing notice. High on the ramparts of the Lyberian desert, overlooking the meadows of the Nile, they rest like the perpetual hills in settled tranquility on the basis. In sterile and gloomy grandeur they have survived the waste of ages; while cities have risen, flourished and fallen on the plain below, and will survive all the ravages of time on their mountain-tops, until the mountains themselves shall depart and the hills be removed. They extend from the great pyramid of Gizeh to Dashour, a distance of twenty miles. Between these extreme groups, at unequal distances, are those of Abusit, and Sakhara, near Memphis. In utter despair of giving the reader any just impression of the vast dimensions of the great pyramid of Cheops, we must content ourselves with the usual statistics, and leave him in imagination to gaze and wonder at the enormous pile.

The foundations are 722 feet square, and cover little less than thirteen acres of ground. From this base the pyramid rises to the height of 474 feet. Originally it was about thirty feet higher, and checked in a casting formed of horizontal blocks of granite, hewn down to a uniform and polished surface, on every side, from the apex to the base. The king's chamber, the apical center, where the builders vainly thought to find a safe retreat for the last repose, is thirty-four feet in length, nineteen in height and seventeen in breadth, enclosed in wall of polished granite. This venerable pile had stood for several generations when Abraham went down into Egypt. While enjoying the favor of the King of Memphis, he gazed habitually upon this stupendous monument of human power, if he did not scale its awful heights. But from its summit now what a spectacle!—East, West, North and South, the Great Desert, in frightful desolation, unmitigated by a single shrub or leaf; and below the majestic, mysterious Nile, pouring through this wide sea of death its floods of living, life-giving water, and spreading out on either side, up to the very brow of the desert, a broad margin of verdure, "green, unutterably green;" and evoking indescribable fertility out of the most hopeless, hideous barrenness—a contrast without a parallel in the wide world.

Anticipating Evils. Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a reckless condition; it is like refusing to quench the present thirst by fearing you should want drink the next day. If it be well to day it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it will be ill to-morrow; when your belly is full of to-day's dinner to fear you should want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's affliction? But if to-morrow you shall want your sorrow will come time enough though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its day comes. But if it chance to be ill to day, do not increase it by the cares of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours—we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible, and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day," said Ch. ist, "is the evil thereof;" sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad and bring into one day's thoughts the evils of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—Jeremy Taylor.

How They are Tumbling In! The way the Democracy of Georgia are falling into line, is a terror to the Disruptionists. The Columbus Times, heretofore one of the most extreme journals of the State, and able and influential withal, comes out for the National Democratic organization and the Baltimore Convention in one of the most pithy and sensible articles that we have read for a long time. Hon. H. V. Johnston, Judge Nesbitt, A. B. Wright and Hon. McMillen are all out for the Baltimore Convention and the National Democracy. We believe that every Democratic paper in Georgia except one, has taken the same view. The Disruptionists are doomed to a perfect Waterloo in the Empire State of the South. Alabama will not be in the rear; and by election day in November, she will be ready to roll up her accustomed old majority for the nominees of the National Democratic Convention. The car of the people's opinion will roll over and crush the Disruptionists in Alabama, in a manner that will give peace and tranquility to the country for a long time to come. Let the clamorous and noisy Disruptionists and secessionists go on and enjoy their brief career like the butterflies—this summer is their last.

A Go-Ahead Lunatic.—A reverend doctor of Georgia had rather a slow delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the lunatic asylum. He was preaching, and illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hung and reprieved upon the gallows. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief the commotion when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became rather prolix. One of the lunatics could hold in no longer; he arose and shouted: "Hurry, doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!"

All Sorts of Paragraphs. It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies. A political Paradox—A Hunter opposed to Chase. A bachelor after discovering his clothes full of holes, exclaimed "Mend-i-cant!" How to avoid drowning—always keep your head above water. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside. Why are jokes like nuts? Because the drier they are the better they crack. It is a concurring kindness to deny at once a favor which you intend to refuse at last. The boy who lost his balance on the roof found it shortly afterwards on the ground. The resolute man who planted himself on his good intentions, has not yet sprouted.

There need not be so much harm in the giddy following the fashions, if the wise were always to set them. The husband of a "strong minded" woman must be as badly hen-pecked as an apple in a poultry pen. A bigot would much rather go to heaven by taking his neighbor's life than by reforming his own. What trees are those which, when fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before? Ashes.

Truth extirpates error, as grass extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving them no room to grow. A rabid bachelor asserts that the symbolic torch of hymen is like a lighthouse placed upon a reef—a warning of danger. We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one does so. Perhaps superstitious beings laugh heartily at us for exactly the same reason. It has been beautifully remarked that a woman's heart is the only true plate for man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it. In those good old days when school boys were switched off by the "master" at least once a day, the policy seemed to be that a rod of correction was equal to a mile of persuasion. "I do not wish to insult you gentlemen but I must take the liberty of telling you that there has been a good deal of hard lying under this roof to-day." "Yes, sir, and it has pretty much all been done under the roof of your own mouth."

Well you've been out to Texas; did you see anything of our old friend—there? "Yes—gone deranged." "Gone deranged?" "Really crazy—what does he do?" "Yes, indeed; he don't know his neighbor's hogs from his own."

If you would keep your children in health give them plenty of fresh air. This is all well enough; but now-a-days children put on too many airs of their own that it is almost impossible to give them a fresh one every day. It is not over the great things of this life over which mortals stumble. A rock we walk round, a mountain we cross; it is the unobserved, unexpected, unlooked for little sticks and pebbles which cause us to halt on our journey. The blind may run against a rock and not fall; but put a small matter in his way and he will stumble over it.

JENCKE B. was once obliged to "double" with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued: "Pat you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge, would you not?" "Yes, yer Honor," said Pat, "and I think yer Honor would have been a long time in the 'old country' before ye'd been a Judge, too."

REMARKABLE CURE OF LOCKJAW.—The New York Observer says that a young lady ran a rusty nail into her foot recently. The injury produced lockjaw of such a malignant character that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless. An old lady then took her into her hand, and applied poulticed beet roots to her foot, removing them as often as they got dry. The result was a most complete and astonishing cure. Such a simple remedy should be born in mind.

LINCOLN'S STRONG POINTS.—It appears from various documents which have come to light since the nomination of Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, that the following are the strong points:

1. That he is a self-made man.

2. That he was a first rate wood chopper.

3. That he was for a time engaged in a still house in the manufacture of whisky.

4. That he could beat any of the boys at wrestling, running a foot race, pickling quarts, or tossing a copper.

5. That he could ruin more liquor than all the other boys of the town together.

</